

## Mistaking Hats

Huge crows splotch  
a sordid sky.  
The dirty gun-metal light flat-

tens itself and its subjects  
to a darkling plane.

Take that to space  
where the crows round  
and point to become hats

of witches and truth  
is slang so many thousands strong,

such "hats" being mock  
nose cones (among the few  
genuine wallbangers) heading our  
clever-little-boy-and-girl way to trick

in rushing, soundless, livid, plural madness  
our portentiously defensive missiles.

O-o say  
can you see, cuz  
I can't, my blowing up?